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ANCIENT ABBEY AT YOUGHAL.

This abbey was founded by Thomas Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, in the year 1628. A curious legend is preserved respecting Fitzgerald. When he was yet an infant in the cradle, at his father's castle in Tralee, he was snatched by a tame baboon or ape, and carried to the highest part of the walls, where for some time he gently danced him in his arms, to the terror of the spectators, but at last brought the child down safely, and deposited him again with much care in his cradle: from which circumstance he was commonly called the ape. The crest and supporters of the Duke of Leinster, who claims descent from Thomas, the ape, are monkies, in remembrance, as the heralds state, of this event.

The ruin and ground is now a popular burial place, and is kept with great neatness, not as the church grounds are, thickly planted by trees, that have grown so thick that it is utterly impossible to get a view of the building except from the hill over it, and then only the top of the walls can be seen. There are two abbeys spoken of by

Smith, but that at the north is the only one of which any trace can be found.

POPULAR STORIES.\*

We have had occasion once before to observe that the people of England and Scotland, and, we might add, the higher orders of those who should be the people of this country, appear to know more of the manners, habits, and superstitious customs of the most distant portions of the globe, than they do of those peculiar to the peasantry of Ireland. Those "fashionable sketches of Irish life" by individuals whose opportunities of observation have been limited to a few weeks' residence in some lordly mansion, or noble villa, and which have passed current with the

\* Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry.

crowd as faithful delineations, are many of them mere dreams of fiction, like our own well told story of "Hie over to England;" or, at best, but pleasing caricatures, in which the creations of fancy have been substituted for the realities of life, and where the quick-witted, good-natured Irish peasant is made to appear an ignorant, sheepish simpleton. We are glad, therefore, to perceive that the task of writing faithful descriptions of the *Irish as they are, and have been*, has been undertaken by individuals well qualified for the work. We had recently had occasion to refer to Mr. Carleton's "Traits and Stories" as a work of great merit, in furnishing faithful outlines of many of the peculiar and distinguishing traits of character in the lower orders of our countrymen;\* and the little volume now before us, we are glad to find, also bears internal evidence that the authors are not only well acquainted with the habits and manners of the peasantry, but of their local superstitions, prejudices, and antipathies, as well as the causes of much of the disaffection and disturbance manifested in various districts. The volume contains fifteen stories by various authors. Two by Mr. Carleton, one by Mrs. C. S. Hall, one by the author of "A Visit to my Birth Place,"—nine others from the pens of our own regular contributors J. L. L. and Oscar, or as he sometimes signs himself, Denis O'Donohoe, of whose merits we shall leave our readers to judge from the specimens they have had, and will have in our pages. In our present number we select a story from the last mentioned author, which we shall follow in a succeeding Journal by a short sketch by J. L. L. In the mean time, we recommend the volume, which is illustrated by several very excellent engravings by Samuel Lover, Esq., as one of the best which has ever issued from the Irish press, descriptive of Irish life and character.

#### THE UNWEDDED MOTHER.

That there are gallant, gay, as well as base and deceitful Lothario's in the cottage, as well as in the palace, the following tale will effectually prove, and oh! if it have the effect of warning any one who may be on the verge of yielding to their own inclinations, when the path of virtue, which they leave, may be, perhaps, rugged and harsh, and the path of vice, that they are about to enter, be covered with sunshine and flowers, the author's end will be more than attained.

Darby Magrath was what is generally termed a comfortable Irish farmer, well to do in the world; with a snug cabin, round about which many an out-house and store reared its somewhat rude but wealthy-looking structure.—He was some years married, and his good woman was a pattern to all wives, for industry, obedience, and the thousand other virtues for which good wives are celebrated the entire world over. Her spinning, her knitting, and her coarse sewing were unrivalled. Her bacon was the best saved, her dresser the whitest scoured, and her cabin the neatest and cleanest in the whole parish; with it she neither spared white-wash or labour, freestone or assiduity. In person Darby was a fat, florid-looking, healthy man, with red waistcoat, knee-breeches, and comfortable home-made stockings. His hair was beginning to be gray, and a few wrinkles had crept unnoticed over his

broad brow, but their traces were not deep, as they were merely the gentle warning touches of time, not of suffering. Alas! it will soon sink them with a heavy and indelible sear! Darby's life had glided quietly along without any of those convulsions which are to be met with in almost every sphere. He had succeeded to his farm on his father's death, and being naturally industrious, had gradually improved it, till at the time of which we write, he could ride his own horse to mass, and when the priest, "ould Father Tague, God bless him!" would honour him with his company to dinner, which, *par parenthese*, was pretty often, the smoking piece of bacon, and the roast turkey were "served up" on a table-cloth as white as snow, "ov raal Dublin manufacture." He had met Mary Toole at a *pattern*, danced with her, fought for her, and gallantly won the victory, with a broken head, and a heart full of glory. While his crown was healing, he thought of her; when it was well he paid her a visit; and she being glad to see him, he fell in love and finally married her, to the total astonishment of Bill Duggan, Peter Flint, Paddy Mulhall, and fifty others, who were each of them "cock shure," not only of Mary herself, but of the fifty gold guineas, that report said, "reposed in her father's ould stockin'." It was really surprising to see how soon after the marriage they all found out that report was a liar, and that Mary had nothing but herself, and her "purty face, which was no great things aither," at least so they asserted, by way of covering their disappointment.

She had been living with him now for nearly twenty years, and still their hearts grew together with as much faith and fondness, as when first united. They had none of the restraints of artificial society, to curb, as they always do, their better feelings. They had none of the worldly pride that prosperity too often teaches; in fact their only pride was their children, their only boast that they "never refused the poor traveller a male's mate, nor turned the sick man unrelieved from their door." Mrs. Magrath was always watching over, and instructing her children, and when they grew up, they were such as any parent might be proud of, handsome, healthy, good-hearted and dutiful.

Mary, the eldest girl, was just nineteen, with beauty that a countess might envy, and innocence of mind that a pure heart only knows. Peter, the eldest son, was a year younger, a tall, stout-limbed boy, with good humour plainly written in the dimples of his mouth, and the perpetual grin that displayed continually his large white teeth. The rest went down in regular succession, as Darby often expressed it, "jist like steps of stairs, the crathurs!" and from the eldest to the youngest, were closely and firmly knit together in the sweet bonds of undivided family love. Darby had, as every man has, his hobby, and it was superstition: a ghost story met with his implicit belief; a tale of terror made his hair always stand upright, and the wildest legend that ever was invented was received by him as undoubted fact. He had met with various adventures himself, or fancied that he had, which is pretty much the same, and he often detailed them to a wondering audience, when it might be perceived from the incredulous smile that lurked in Mary's black eye, that she did not partake of his failing, while her brother received every word he uttered as gospel. In addition to this, Darby was, although the best-hearted man in the world, very intemperate, and used sometimes, when roused, give utterance to an oath, when his good woman, if she were present, immediately put her hand on his mouth; however, these traits will be better understood by giving an example.

His son Peter had, when about fifteen, been bitten with an idea of independence, as his father had, in one of his sudden passions, told him that he was a "lubberly useless burthen," and therefore accepted a situation, as half herd, half assistant, to the steward of an estate, situated in a neighbouring county. His departure was delayed somehow, and when he arrived there, he found his place filled up, and so was obliged to return home again in two or three days.

On his entry (it had been their first separation) Darby sprang up with joy in his eyes, and seizing both his hands,

\* In speaking of the publication of Irish works, we deem it right to mention as a gratifying circumstance, and one calculated to show that the country is much improving, that for one work brought out in Ireland ten years since, there are at present at least a dozen printed in the metropolis alone. For this we conceive the public are indebted to the enterprising spirit of two or three publishers, Messrs. Curry and Co., Mr. W. F. Wakeman, and Mr. R. M. Tims. In thus giving encouragement to the Irish press and Irish literature, we are happy to know that they themselves have been no losers, as nearly all the books they have published have gone to second, and several of them to third editions; and it may be mentioned also that but for them, some even of the best works on Ireland which have been brought out, never would have appeared; the MSS. having to our knowledge, in more instances than one, been submitted to English publishers, and rejected.

and shaking them warmly, exclaimed, "Well, Pether, my boy, how is every inch of you?—musha, but I'm glad to see you!" and then suddenly thinking of his quick return, "bad confusion to you! you ugly spalpeen, bud its back on the hands soon enough you are, anyhow."

"Oh, fie, Darby!" said his wife, putting her hand on his mouth, and putting an effectual stop to any further lip maledictions.

"Thru, thru, Mary jewel!" he answered when released, "I was wrong, bud good loock to my boy, shure he knows he's welcome, anyhow."

On another occasion, the same youth, at a fair, got entangled with a set of *gay fellows*, and the whiskey getting into his head, made him gloriously oblivious of home, in consequence of which he was absent for three nights. His parents knew not what could have become of him, and Darby insisted, with a strange and eccentric tenacity, that he was dead, and that "there was no manner of use in makin' themselves unbappy." One thing that confirmed him in this opinion was, that he himself dreamed that Peter was married, besides his wife, each night of his absence, started three times in her sleep.

His timid, repentant knock was at last heard at the door, and when he entered he was astonished to perceive two large sheets spread out before the fire. At one side sat his mother nursing her youngest child, and evidently full of grief, and at the other his father, who on seeing him sprang up, exclaiming—

"Och, Pether, *ahagur*, the hair off your! but is it yerself or yer sperit I'm talkin' to?"

"It's me, indeed, father, an' I'm sor—" began the blubbering youth.

"Sorry, you devil's limb," he interrupted; *musha*, an' so you ought, but where wor you all this time, what in the name ov St. Pether, yer namesake, kept you out so long?"

"I was with——," again he commenced in apology. "No you wor not," interrupted Darby, not knowing what he was contradicting, "so don't tell *me*—, bud anyhow, there's no use in crossness, an' sence you *are* cum back, why, give us yer claw, man, and I'll pardon you; look there, you misfortunate devil," he continued, pointing to the sheets, "wasn't it well *they* wor in the house, to have them ready aired: be the leg of Moses, sur iv they worn't, but we'd a had to wake you wid the table-cloths!"

"Wake me, father!" exclaimed the startled Peter.

"Yes! wake you, sur; what did I dhrame thim things about weddins fur, bud that you were off; an' why did your mother start three times in her sleep, besides that we heerd the *Banshee*; an' the turf all night was fallin' into shapes like coffins, an' what was I to think ov all that, sur, bud what I did?"

Peter's very hair at this stood of an end; Mary smiled ironically; Mrs. Magrath welcomed him with a forgiving kiss; and the infant on her knee opening its round eyes, chuckled to get on his lap, and all was as before.

The reader will be so good as to imagine the interior of the principal apartment in Darby Magrath's cabin. The winter's evening meal had just concluded, the large fire sent forth its bright red light, and round it the entire family were gathered, quietly and happily conversing together. Darby's "ould pipe" lay quiescently on the hob, its half open tin cover showing it to be full of tobacco, as yet unlit; and on the old oak chair next that side he was seated himself; his broad palms resting on his knees, and his eye looking mildly on the *banithe*, or good woman, who sat opposite. Peter and the rest of the family, excepting Mary, all sat in a cluster in the front, while a couple of aged servitors, or hangers-on, who from a long residence in the place were privileged, occupied the intermediate spaces. Mary, though still near the group, was a little behind, and next her was a young man of prepossessing exterior who paid her much attention, and from the sweet smile that occasionally lit up her features, it appeared that they were not disagreeable. His name was Paul Dogherty, and he was the possessor of a tolerably large farm, which he managed with care and attention. He was generally esteemed the rover of the village, and many rumours were floating about of his fickleness and incon-

stancy, but to Mary, whose young heart had surrendered itself to his continued siege, they all seemed but the offspring of malice or of envy. His complexion was dark, and his round eyes as black as jet; but there was a confined and strange expression about his thin lips, that although he was decidedly handsome, deteriorated much from his appearance. He had gradually wormed himself into Mary's unsuspecting bosom, and then having asked her in marriage of her father, and she giving no opposition, the day for the wedding was appointed, which was about a week from the night of which we speak, as soon as Father Teague would recover from his slight illness.

"Well, Paul," said Mary, in a low tone, and in reply to some remark of his, "I'm glad to hear yourself say so, fur do you know, that although I gev you my heart, almost unknownst to myself, I had a dhread I couldn't masther, ov your bein' as desateful as they all say you are!"

"Mary, my heart's own love!" he exclaimed in answer, "shure you never yet knew me to desave you, in thought, word, or action; an' what matter what others say? you know I never loved before, nor met wid one for whom I'd willingly give up my heart's blood, so don't believe them, *agra!*"

A sudden kiss was here purloined from her sweet and unreluctant lip, and it finished the sentence just in the manner that all such sentences generally are finished.—Upon this Mrs. Magrath smiled over at her husband, and he quietly lighting his pipe, exclaimed,

"Come over here, Paul *acushla*, an' let the bit of a girl alone, you'll have her all to yourself soon enough. Mary, *ma colleen dhas*, sit there beside your mother, till I relate to yez my adventhur wid the fairy, whin I was as young, aye, an' be the pipe in me hand, almost as foolish as yerself!"

Mary smiled and did as she was ordered, while Paul, who was exceedingly superstitious, drew his chair close into the circle, and listened with great eagerness to the following narrative, which Darby spun forth quite extemporaneously.

"Yez all must know," he began, emitting a quiet puff of smoke from his mouth, and laying his *dhudheen* on the hob, "that whin I was young, I was a regular *harem-scarum*, that feared neither man nor devil, the Lord preserve us; an' as I often heerd tell of ghosts and fairies, I was sinful enough to wish to meet wid one, till I'd be sure iv there was any such things, at all, at all. Faix! my wish was granted, shure enough; an' the fright an' the thrimble it put me in, I'll never forget iv I wor to live for a thousand years, an' longer. In the cinthre ov a bog, that lay near my father's house, at that time there riz up a beautiful little green mound, which the people about called the "fairy-hill," be rason ov its bein' said to be inhabited be the *good people*, an' I often went there in the summer's evenin's to look about me, an' thry iv I could see any of them, bud conshumin' to the bit iv I did! Well, my weeny little sisther, Jane, the heavens be her bed, an' her sowl be in glory now, all of a sudden, from bein' the healthiest child in the world, began to dwindle, dwindle away, after a manner, like a nut in its shell, growin' thinner an' paler, an more melancholy like, day after day.—No one could tell the reason ov id, an' we were all knocked into a *quandary*, whin at last an ould wise woman kem to the house, an' tould us that she was *fairy-struck*, an' that unless we wint, some of us, to the one that enchanted her, an' did him some favor, thus breakin' the charm, she'd never recover. Many was the day after that whin I niver left the fairy-hill, from mornin' till night, an' yet could do no good; till at last, one time, just as the evenin' began to fall, I sees a little bit ov a man standin' on the very top ov id, and he no bigger nor a middlin' sized cabbage stalk! He had a three-cocked hat on his head, an' was dressed in a grey coat, an' red waistcoat, that made him look for all the world like a robin red-breast. He had on silk stockin's, an' wore raal golden buckles in his shoes, bud *they* couldn't be worth much, fur they were no bigger nor the nail on Mary's little finger; I took off my hat immediately, an' makin' a low bow,

"God save you, Sir," sis I.

"God save you kindly, Darby," sis he, wid my *triste*

quite pat on his lips; and returnin' my bow quite polite like. "Come up here to me, Darby," sis he, until I spake a word to you in private, as I know the rason of yer comin', an' I'll do what you want."

"Wid all the veins ov my heart, your majesty," sis I, for bedad I was quite delighted at the idaya ov recoverin' little Jane, an' so with a hop, step, an' a jump, I stood high an' drv beside him, an' he all the time not rachin up to my knee, no, begogsty's, nor near it.

"Well, now," siz he, 'tie yer handkether round yer eyes, an' don't attmpt to take id off, till ye hear me cry, away.'

"In throth I'll tell yez the thruth, I didn't like this at all, at all, bud reflectin' if he liked, that he could wither me up like the grass under my foot, I dhrew off my cravat, an' tied it round my eyes, lavin' a little bit of a hole to watch him through.

"Cum," siz he, in a voice like thundher, 'don't think to delude me,' siz he, 'stop up that hole under your left eye!'

"I thrimbled all over like an aspen-lafe as I didso, an' I dunna why it was I forgot to pray or any thing, whin I was blindfolded outright. Well, afther asecond or two, I felt myself suddenly riz up, an' put into a saddle, while a reins was thrust into my hand, an' the little man shouted 'away.' Thin hastily chuckin' off my handkether, I found myself on an eagle's back, flyin' through the air like lightnin' an' the little man before me, on another. I was frightened then, shure enough; an' how I was able to keep my sate at all, at all, is wonderful to think ov, bud id must have been the saddle (fur they wor both regularly saddled an' bridled) that stuck to me I suppose.

"How do you find yerself, now, Darby?" sis the little man, turnin' round to me, wid a grin on his wrinkled puss.

"Purty well, I'm obleeged to you for axin, sur," sis I; afear'd to say any thing else, an' on we wint thin in silence for near an hour.

"Do you know how many miles we've travelled now?" sis he, whin it began to grow a little dark.

"In throth yer majesty, I do not," sis I, 'be rason of not being acquainted wid astronomy, or any other language,' sis I; an' at this you'd think the ould villain id aplit with the fare dint of laughin'.

"Well, thin, Darby," sis he, afther he recovered his powers ov gravitation, an' as his eagle lighted on the top ov a grate palace or castle, 'we've cum nearly a thousand,' sis he.

"God presarve us! sur," sis I, 'an' how are we to get back?'

"The way we cum," screeched he, in a towering passion, as my eagle sat down beside his, an' I dismounted, (you may laugh, Miss Mary, but them eagles were each of them six feet high, an' more), 'bud don't dar to mintion that name agin,' sis he, 'or else your sister 'ill die that minute.'

"Well, yer majesty," sis I 'what are we to do now, fur it's gettin' dark, and I'll be missed at home.'

"Follow me," answered the little crathur, as he reached a door that was out on the roof, an' it opened at a touch of his finger, 'an' do whatsumdever I shall desire you,' sis he.

"Ov course I follyed on, wondhern' for the very life ov me what was going to cum next, an' he led me through a lot of dark passages, an' long galleries, till at last we both cum to a stand still outside a glass doore, through which a thousand lamps an' more were glamin'.

"Now," sis he, 'go in there, fur I darn't, an' you'll find twenty black goiants, all lyin' fast asleep, bud pass thin by, and stale over gintly to a goolden-haired lady, that you'll see reclinin' on a golden couch, an' cut me off the longest lock of her hair you can; iv she wakes you'll be burned alive, an' murdered afterwards, so act wid caution.'

"As he said this the doore flew open, as if wid magic art, an' he gev me a gintle push that sent me in at onst. Och, tunder and turf! boys, jewel! the like ov the granduer there, I never seen in all my life, afore or sence; every thing was made of goold an' silver, an' diamonds, an' rubies; the carpets wor all silk, an' the curtains wor all satin, an' in the middle ov the silver ceilin' there huna a

big shandalire, that held a thousand candles, every one ov them raal wax! Bud the butyful young crathur that lay asleep was the only thing that caught my eyes, an' though she was surrounded wid blacks, every one of them as big as Fin M'Coul, I dunna how it was I couldn't take my eyes out ov her, herskin was as white an' transparent as the fallen snow, an' her cheeks like the mornin' rose, but her hair, oh! her lovely yellow hair, it hung down to the very ground, curlin' all the way like the stalks ov the vine, an' as soft as silk.

"Hasten," sis the little man outside; so I takes up a gold scissars that was lyin' near her, an' I cuts off the longest tress of thim all, an' kissed it wid rapture. 'Come out now,' sis the fairy, an' so I was obleeged to lave her, and whin I gev him the hair, he tied it round him like a sash, an' it shot out light into the dark passage like a bame ov the sun. Whin we got out on the roof he praised me fur my steadiness, an' biddin' me close my eyes, I was again on the eagle's back afore I knew where I was.

"Good bye, Darby," now sis the little man, 'yer sister is haled,' an' he flew off, while I felt myself sweepin' through the air like mad. I soon, notwithstanding the place I was in, began to feel myself dhrowsy, an' fell asleep, whin I recollect nothin' further but that I felt a dhreadful shock, an' awoke, findin' myself lyin' on the fairy mount, wid my two hands graspin' a hawthorn root like mad, an' no sign in life ov the eagle that had been bearin' me. From that night up Jane grew better, an better, an enjoyed good health ever until last year, whin it pleased God to call her; an' every word ov that's as thrue as you're sittin' there, Miss Mary! though you may smile an laugh so."

"Such things have been," quietly observed one of the old followers, as Magrath concluded.

"Have been?" ejaculated he; "no doubt of it Terry, honey! bud, Mary, jewel! it's growin' late, an' so thry iv there's a sup in the bottle, till we rouse up Paul's sperits afore he goes home, you know he has to pass by the hape ov haunted stones."

Paul, at this observation, involuntarily started up, on which his affianced bride, with playful severity, asked him was he afraid?

"Afeard, Mary," he answered, "not a bit; but one doesn't well know what to think, afther hearin' such a story."

The whiskey was here brought down, and they pledged each other with genuine Irish warmth, till at last the parting cup having been drank, Paul rose to depart, and having shaken hands with all around, and stolen another kiss from Mary, who saw him to the door, he went off, whistling some lively air. He had not been a moment gone, till she beckoned her brother into a corner of the large apartment where they were all sitting, and appeared engaged in earnest conversation with him; he repeatedly shook his head, and made impressive gestures of remonstrance, and at last left her, as if totally refusing some request. She hesitated a moment, and then glided from the house, her absence being unperceived; upon which, he, having first of all stated to his father, that she had gone to see all right in the out-houses, silently followed.

It was a clear, frosty night, and the face of heaven was as blue and pellucid, as if the vapours that are continually floating between it and the earth were all frozen and congealed. Myriads of stars, those mighty worlds, were sparkling and twinkling in beauty and splendor, and smiling at their own broken reflection, in the drops of ice that glittered on every leafless bough. The wind, though partially atrest, would now and then sigh mournfully through the trees, as if regretting their summer dress, and shaking from off their branches a shower of hoar frost, it would patter amongst the crisped leaves at their feet, in whiteness resembling snow, in descent resembling rain! Mary with her cloak pulled tightly round her, tripped merrily along, till she arrived at a little rivulet about eighty yards from the cabin, and then hearing footsteps close behind, she stopped and looked back. A thin incrustation of ice covered the surface of this small stream, but beneath it the living water held on its silent placid course. It might be said to resemble an emotion of the

human heart, when actuated by impulse, it would be about to give forth its secrets, but while they as yet trembled on the tongue, the frigid chilliness of human pride suppressed them, and the chiselled lip resumed its cold stern expression, and they sank back again to the soul, there to abide and live, though in outward seeming they have not existence.

"Well, Pether!" she exclaimed in a gay tone, as her brother, for it was he that approached, drew near, "So you've at last plucked up courage, an' are goen to come wid me, to give *him* a start."

"No, indeed, Mary, darlin'," he answered, "bud jist to thry an' dissuade you from doin' as you intend; don't go Mary, *ma chree*, its both sinful and dangerous to be darin' rr; Mary, let me inthrate ov you not to go."

"Ha! ha! ha! Pether, so its ov rr you're afeard thin! Why man alive they all talk nonsense, and its jist to prove id that I'm doing as I am; a speerit, iv there's any such thing, 'til niver harm a poor girl, and I often hard say that Black Bill was a quite crathur afore he was murder-ed."

"Lord save us!" ejaculated her brother, as the wind sounded like a dying moan, "Mary, jewel—Mary, acushla, don't be spakin' so unthinkin'ly. Oh! fur heaven's sake, give up this mad schame, an' cum home agin."

"Well, Pether," she answered, "*you're* more afeerd ov a ghost nor ever I thought you were, an' you had better go back; I'm determined to prove to you that there's no such thing. Good bye, brother—don't look about you—ha! ha! ha!—beware!"

With these words, the courageous and gay girl tripped across a little bridge that spanned the stream we have mentioned; and her departing footsteps were for some time heard crackling in the congealed snow and leaves.—When their sound entirely died away, Peter looked fearfully round; and it was quite perceptible that there was a great struggle in his mind between his love for his sister, and his extreme timidity: it appeared, however, that the former feeling was the victor; for after some short hesitation he exclaimed, "I'll be there to stand to her anyhow," and then strode firmly on in the direction that had been taken by his sister.

Paul Dogherty, in the mean time, was proceeding slowly along the beaten path in the direction of his cabin, for it was a short cut across the fields that Mary had taken. He had none of the lightness and elasticity of footstep that a successful lover and accepted bridegroom might be supposed to have had: on the contrary, he proceeded musingly and thoughtfully on, more like one who had something disagreeable to encounter. His face was distinctly marked in the brightness of the night—his eye-brows almost met together from the extreme intensity of thought, and his exceedingly thin and sinister lips were tightly and rigidly compressed. His musings, it appeared, were too deep in their nature to be entirely under his control; for secure in the loneliness of the road, he occasionally gave utterance to them in a kind of rambling soliloquy.

"Why should I fear," he muttered, "any chance ov being detected?—for *she* has swore to me never to divulge our secret. She never desaved me in any thing, an' she loves me too well to break her oath! After we're married, Mary *may* grumble, but it then matters not a pin.—Her father's money I must have—her love I don't care fur—poor girl! I b'lieve I ought though—however, no matter, it can't be helped *now*; an' if all should be found out, ould Magrath, fur his *own sake*, will help me off; bud it can't—no—no—impossible;"—this was said in quite an assured tone; but as he proceeded a little farther on, near a deep, lone pool, whose waters were covered with ice, and the rushes on whose edge were white with frost, his firmness seemed totally to desert him; and he almost screamed out—

"That child! the poor weeny crathur—that smiled an' laughed in its murderer's very face. Oh, God! why did I do id?—why blast my soul fur ever an' ever? Bud I am wrong, very wrong—that, THAT was done afore it—my child's death was bud hapin' up new guilt. Ellen was the furst—poor, poor Ellen! *she* drooped, an' drooped, an'

died away at my desartion; an' *she* blessed an forgave me—*me* her murderher—her dethroyer, on her dyin' bed; her lips, in their last movement, sint up a prayer fur *me*—my name was the last word she uttered! That pool—that quiet, frozen pool!—Oh, let it be deep as hell, where my soul will one day be, to keep in its sacrets! The little darlin'!—my only child!—It never screeched. I—I did not see it struggle; the splash was all I heard—the—the '*dead man's dive*'—ha! ha! ha! I can laugh—bud oh, God on high! I would give world's to be free from that—worlds—worlds—worlds!" He then covered his face with his hands, for it was convulsed with the extreme agony of a guilty conscience; and having stood still for a few moments, the wild heavings of his bosom, and the deep workings of his entire frame gradually became stilled. So much was the man the slave of pride, that a slight smile too seemed to curl his thin lips, as if in mental derision of his former womanish weakness; and with habitual caution he looked round, and held in his breath to listen, lest any one might have heard his involuntary confession. Then having advanced for some time, he came in sight of a large cairn or heap of stones, which in consequence of a murder that had been perpetrated there some years before, was raised by every passenger, as is the custom, flinging a stone on the place as he went by.—The superstition with which his nature was strongly imbibed, now began to exert its influence on his mind; his eyes stared wildly at the black mass, and his hair began to creep upward, while cold drops of perspiration bedewed his cheeks and brow. It was just a spot where such a deed might be supposed to have been wrought. High and overhanging banks covered with bramble and wild beech, darkened each side of the narrow way; and in a kind of gloomy hollow in the bank stood the shapeless mass of stones, now reaching nearly as high as the young trees that grew interwoven together on its top. They were bare and leafless; and through the dark tracery of their boughs was distinctly seen in clear relief against the sky, still they were thick and gloomy; and the hollow winds that swept through them seemed like the voice of a murdered one crying to heaven for vengeance.

As Dogherty came nearer and nearer, he whistled to try and chase away his fear; and it was very awful to hear a gay, light tune proceeding from those lips that a short time before had given utterance to such a terrible confession of guilt. His breath trembled, however, as he got opposite the heap, and he half leaped from the ground with sudden terror, that laid its cold gripe on his very soul, as a female, wan and dejected, glided from the opposite direction to that which he was pursuing, and met him full in the midst. The moment she spoke he became more assured, and gave her his hand in return for her greeting.

"Paul," she exclaimed, "dear Paul! I have cum from the house to thry an' meet you once more—to inthrate ov you not to desart me—not to lave me to shame an' the bitterness ov the world's scorn! or if you do, to give me back my child—my poor babe! Paul, Paul! what is the matther wid you now?—why do you thrimble so?—what have you done wid her? answer me, Paul! is *she* livin'?"

"Psha, girl!" he answered, endeavouring to move a little on; "I have sent her out to nurse—she is quite well and thrivin' like a flagger! Bud why do you folly and dog my footsteps?—didn't I tell you that I was obleeged to marry another, bud you, Susan, you are *my love*—I don't—I can't like *her* as well!"

"And iv I am, Paul!" she replied, softened to tears by his even telling her that she was *his love*, "why lave me to the jeers ov all my frinds! Oh, God! did I say frinds—I have none *now*. Why not do as you knelt and swore to me you would before I became as I am?—why not make *me* yer wife?—can you find a heart more wholly yours?—can you meet wid love like mine?"

"It must not—it *cannot* be—I could not give up Mary Magrath!—it's necessary fur my life a'most; and shure you, Susan—you, my own Susan, love me too well to go between us. I'll not desart you afther I have *her* secure—bud her money I must have!"

"Base, cruel wretch!" exclaimed the unhappy girl



flinging herself on her knees before him, "here I'll swear never to cum near you agin—never to ask you fur yer love—never to intherfare wid your pleasures! Base wretch! did I say? Paul, dear Paul! do return me my little weeny one!—do give me back my child, an' I'll pray for you night and day! I will, Paul—I'll kneel before the throne of the Almighty God, and pray to him, for he'll hear my voice, to turn yer heart again to goodness. I'll forgive you all!—all!—all!—forgive the arts and the wiles wid which you overcome me!—forgive the anguish yer treachery poured on my head!—forgive you fur brakin' my poor heart!—bud, Paul! Paul *ma chree!*! give me back my child—my innocent babe! Oh, do *fur the sake ov the livin' God!*"

The wretch was about to answer, when a low moan was heard proceeding from behind the mound, as if gushing from the heart of one dying in pain! His frame trembled from head to foot with fear, and he stood, his hands both clasped in the convulsive grasp of the poor sufferer that was still kneeling at his feet, and his dark eye rolling as if in madness.

"Paul!" she continued in a less firm tone of voice, for although to her external sounds, like the one she had just heard, were appalling in the extreme, yet the suffering of her mind, as it were, crushed down her terror, and she still entreated the trembling, the almost nerveless wretch—"Paul! isn't that a warnin' from heaven itself, desirin' you to give me up my babe; you thrimble wid fear. Oh! avert its anger, and the hate of the world, by makin' me as you once said you would. Paul, consider my poor father dyin', dyin', dyin' away—his ould eyes red wid weepin'—his ould brow wrinkled wid grief, an' his ould cheeks hollow wid the scaldin' tears!—think ov me bein' the cause ov all—think ov you bein' the tempter that led me astray!—give, give me up my babe! Let the form—only the form, Paul, of a weddin' be between us, an' I'll never ask to see you more. I'll not then be pointed at and despised; and my father'll b'less an' forgive me afore he dies. Paul *acushla ma chree!* do—do listen to me, an' God himself 'ill forgive you!"

"*Thonna mon dhou!* girl!" he cursed in an agony of fear, as another and a deeper moan was heard, "let go my hands. I'm growin' mad, and I'll do you some harm!—don't make me worse nor I am—let me go—let me lave this place. Oh, almighty heavens! what's that?—it moves—it stirs—ha, ha, ha!—it's her ghost comin' for me—let me go—loose my hands!—bud no—it's nothin'; poor fool that I am it's only the threes shakin'. Cum, Susan, cum away, this is indeed a fearful place!—cum, love, I'll do any thing for you, bud only cum away—mine own darling Susan, cum!—there's a good girl now—cum, sweet, cum."

The soft and insinuating tones with which the wretch uttered this intreaty went to her very soul, as it used to do in other days, when she was a prize that he sought to possess; and she wept bitterly, though with refreshing tears, as she leaned on his arm, and proceeded away from the heap of stones, in the direction from whence she had come. Another figure now approached the spot where she had knelt, and looked anxiously and fearfully round. Their departing footsteps had entirely ceased, and the silence was as before unbroken, save by the melancholy moanings of the dismal winds: suddenly a low and trembling voice, issuing from the very heart of one in suffering, was heard behind the mound; and as he well knew its sweet tones, he moved not an inch, while his sister, for it was she, thus prayed—

"Oh, Almighty One! that watched over us all, I thank thee that I did not fall into the trap that was laid for me—that I did not become the wife ov that guilty wretch, whose cunnin' and whose wiles overcum my best resolves. Give me strength, oh, Heavenly Father! to banish him intirely from my heart, for dearly—dearly did I love him!—and pardon him and turn his sowl from the wickedness and the evil that it has been given up to.—Amin!"

The last fervent "so be it" was passionately given, and Mary rose up and came from her late hiding place. The moment she advanced from the gloom where she had been concealed, she was clasped in her brother's arms; and leaning her beating head on a brother's breast,

she gave way to an overwhelming burst of blessed, thankful tears.

"Merciful Father be praised! Pether jewel?" exclaimed the poor girl, when the paroxysm of her grief had made her somewhat calmer; "I have you yet left to love an' purtect me—you whom I can entirely put my trust in!"

"What do you mane, Mary darlin'," enquired he, "by this cryin' an' sobbin'; an' why, *asthore!* did you pray as I hard you there a minut ago behind the stones?"

"Then you didn't hear all, Pether!" she answered; "bud no—no—I forget, *you couldn't—you only stúd* at a distance, keepin' watch fur fare any thing id happen to me. Thank God, I was not perswaded agin goen!—Oh! if I had, what might—what *would* become ov me! Bring me home, Pether, an' thin I'll tell id all to you, an' my dear father and mother. Help me more—more—I'm afear'd the heart within me is brakin'; any how, it's cowl—cowl—an' I'm very wake! Are we goen home now, brother dear—I can't well tell; I dhread every thing. God—God forgive him!"

Mary Magrath, half carried by her brother, again recrossed the little stream, and entered the house where she had spent so many happy hours, with a feeling that she was not long to train the woodbine that climbed about its porch.

We must now pause for a time to explain to our readers some circumstances, about which they must be partially unaware. Mary had gone on a little before Dogherty for the purpose of frightening him, through a motive of fun and gaiety of heart; and having secreted herself behind the heap while her brother waited for her at some distance, he being afraid to go near "the hanted stones," she had heard the conversation we have just endeavoured to describe. What her feelings were at discovering the first elected one of her heart to be so base and full of villainy, cannot even be imagined; but her mind being, as the reader must have already seen, much stronger than that of the generality of young females, had enabled her to repress her emotions, till his baseness becoming deeper and deeper every moment, she could not stifle a low and heart-rending moan.

Susan Doyle was the daughter of an old cottier, that lived near the farm of Dogherty; and as she was pretty and good-humoured, he laid a too successful scheme for her total ruin. Her poor father soon found the misfortune that had fallen on her, and the knowledge that the daughter of his bosom was a guilty one, was wearing him away day by day—yet he did not spurn her from him as others might have done: for, render, she was *his only one!* but he strove to comfort her, and struggled to appear calm, and in that struggle his heart was breaking. A promise of marriage was the lure, too often, alas! repeated; but a day of retribution must at length come, and they must be judged by the great and eternal Being, "who provideth for the raven his food—when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat."\*

The night wore gradually away—the dull, heavy, leaden night, when thought racks the anguished brain, and the moveless lethargy that enwraps all living and created things—the grave-like silence and the long protracted hours make the soul, the weary, sick soul, watch with feverish anxiety for the day.

It was a lovely clear morning as Mary Magrath opened the door of her father's dwelling, and looked forth on the fresh appearance of nature, and viewed the grass with its pinnacled incrustations of sparkling ice. Her face was pale, but her eyes were dry; and there was in their expression a look as if she had determined in pursuing some newly-formed idea, and one that could give her relief if not pleasure. She had explained all to her family the night before, and with them had held a short consultation, and was now about to execute the project she had proposed. It was one that none but a mind like hers—a generous, feeling, and strong mind—could think of; and as she closed the door, and tripped across the little garden in the front, a consciousness of good intention

brought a flush to her cheek, and even a brightness to her eyes, that had so lately known how bitter it is to weep when the tears gush from the deep places of the soul. Her footsteps never faltered till she was again repassing the mound of stones, where, a few short hours before she had hidden with a light heart, and whence she had proceeded with a bowed-down soul almost crushed beneath the weight of its first affliction. A single tear stood on her cheek, and her pale lip trembled a little as she went on; but when, about half an hour after, she came in sight of a low, and in comparison with her father's, a wretched-looking hut, all traces of emotion had passed away, and her nerves were strung tightly up to go through the interview that she was about to seek. When she arrived within a few paces of the door, it opened, and Susan Doyle stood on the threshold, with her hand upraised to exclude the sudden burst of morning light from her dim and scolding eyes. Mary was startled at the extreme wretchedness of her appearance, knowing, as she did, that she was once a beauty and a village belle.

Her face was yellowish and wrinkled from mental grief, though still displaying youth—her hands and arms were thin even to lankness—her lips were white and chapped, and her hair—her long, curling, yellow hair, on whose beauty she was wont to pride herself—hung down in matted and discoloured folds. Mary could not help shuddering as she advanced towards her; and when the noise of her footsteps made her presence known, she startled “good heavens! can this be you, Miss Mary?” of the poor sufferer, was given in a voice harsh and shrill from the excess of mental woe.

“Yis, indeed, Susan, my poor girl!” she answered, “it’s me shure enough; an’ I’m cum, I hope, to give you some relief, though God knows I want it almost as bad myself.”

“I was just goen to see *you* too,” answered Susan, “and God knows I’m glad yer come, as I want to warn you agin a villain, an’ I fear a murderher! Oh! me poor child, what made me give you up, at all at all?”

“I know already all you would say, Susan!” answered Mary: “an’ I have heerd all *his* baseness, fur it was me that gev the moan that so startled him last night. I was hid behind the ‘hanted stones,’ an’ I saw all that passed.”

“Then thank God fur his marcies,” she fervently exclaimed, “*you* won’t be another victim to his villany!—you are presarved from his cursed arts.”

“I’m thankful to you, Susan, indeed—indeed I am,” replied Mary, with a voice that faltered with gratitude to her for her sincere and touching earnestness; “bud now I have a little scheme of mine to tell you. Didn’t you say, that iv you wor wedded to him, yer poor ould father’s mind id be happier—would you wish id now?”

“Wish id! Oh, dear Miss Mary, I’d be glad to die afther, iv id could only be done afore—I’d swear never to look at him again—I’d swear never to see his face—I’d swear never—but no—no, I couldn’t—I must kneel to him, an’ ax him fur me child. I couldn’t live without my child!—my purty, weeny child!”

“Your child must be given up aftherwards,” said Mary with tears in her eyes, at the warm maternal feelings of the poor girl; “bud we can contrive that he shall wed you in the presence ov my father, and, if you like, ov yours.”

“How—how is it possible?” eagerly interrupted Susan.

“You can dhresh yourself in my clothes, an’ be married to him as me. A thick veil ’ill complately hide your fatures an’ he’ll never know you, fur we’ll all contrive to have id done in the evenin’, whin it ’ill be dark.”

Susan gazed at Mary as at an angel of salvation while uttering this sentence, and when it all appeared clear and distinctly defined before her mind’s eye, she fell at her feet, and clasping her knees, gave utterance to broken expressions of joy, while sobs loud and convulsive, agitated her worn frame. Having raised her up and comforted her, Mary, after a little farther conversation, departed, leaving the deeply-grateful Susan to weep forth her thanks in warm and fervent tears. The simple “God

Almighty bless you!” with which they mutually parted, spoke more than volumes could have done, and the comparative happiness which Mary felt all that day, told of the pleasure that there is in doing a good action. There was also a feeling more akin to quiet and repose than she had experienced for months, in the bosom of the poor bereaved one; for such is the strong idea implanted in the minds of most females of the lower class in Ireland, that a marriage, no matter how effected, with their seducer, can wipe away somewhat from their crime. And, in addition to this, Susan well knew that her father, if she could in any way obtain the sanction of marriage, would be made happy and almost content. Herself she comparatively cared not for; the scorn of the world might have affected her, but it, even if she looked on without dismay; but her father—her aged, white-haired father, dropping day by day into the grave, hurried off before his time with grief for his daughter’s shame!—it was this, and this only, that urged her to cast herself at Mary’s feet in gratitude to her and to God! She looked forward with a trembling and fearful eagerness for the time when “Mary, her guardian angel,” would come for her; and she inwardly resolved not to mention it to her father, but to have prepared a little glad surprise, when she would come to him no longer an unwedded mother, but a wife—however heart-broken and dejected.

Dogherty visited Mary as usual in the mean time, and was received by her father and mother as if they knew not of his baseness, while she was ever kept near them, and thus avoided all private conversation with him whatever. Time flew by, as it always does, whether we be in joy or in misery, and at last the day appointed for the wedding was drawing towards a close. Darby Magrath had arranged that it should be private; and when Dogherty, with his demon face wreathed with smiles, entered the principal apartment of the cabin, he found no one there present but those he was always accustomed to meet. He did not hesitate or wait to analyse the reason why he was coldly received, for his mind was too full of the almost complete success of his scheme to pay any attention to outward circumstances.

“I dunna how I can keep my hands off the vagabone spalpeen,” exclaimed Darby, as he entered an inner room, where his son and several friends were sitting.

“Faix, nor I aither, Father,” Peter added; “I can’t imagine be any manner ov manes why I’m not stuck in him now.”

“Well, well, never mind, boys,” said another; “if we don’t give him a lickin’ he won’t get the better ov fur sum time afther all’s over, the devil’s a witch; by japer’s, the stick in me fist is tarin’ idself to be at him, an shure no wondher.”

“It’s a subjec’ of grate doubt to me,” observed another, who piqued himself on his ‘*jaw breakers*,’ “whether or not he’ll feel mooch gratification at the extra-ordinary situation, in which he’ll find himself bine by, to his incomparable perplexity!”

“Well Paudheen,” said ould Darby, laughing, “conshumin’ to the likes ov you for *puttin’ your words out o’ joint* I ever cum across.”

“Athout the slightest possible intherlocution in the regard ov the extrame rudiosity ov your remark,” answered Paudheen, astonishing them all by his high-sounding words, “I give you the most complate contradichshun. Pether I’ll lave id to you iv I don’t spake plane an’ dacin’tly!”

“I’m no judge,” answered Peter; “bud hadn’t yez better hould yer whisht, as just now they’re goin’ to call the bride. Poor crathur, she’s to be pitied; whoo! I’ll not lave a bone in his body I’ll not brake.”

“Nor I aither!”—“Nor I!”—“Nor I!” was here buzzed all round; while every lip closed tightly on the pipe it held, and every hand grasped its cudgel with double energy! The priest had now arrived; and as he had been made acquainted with every circumstance, though he knew the marriage was not binding when performed under an assumed name, as it would be, perhaps, the means of removing a load of agony from one heart, and perhaps of preserving another life, he agreed to perform the ceremony. It was with the greatest difficulty he kept his



tongue off Dogherty; and in fact it gave him as much pain to be restrained from giving him a caution, as it gave Peter and his friends from breaking his head.

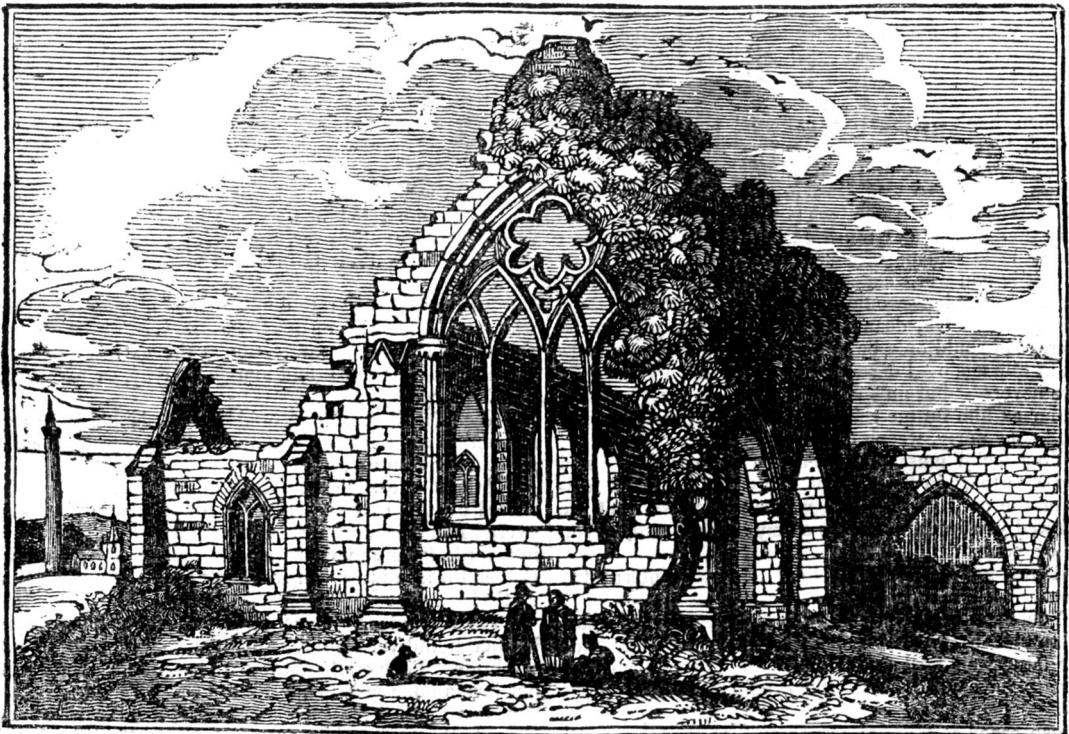
The bride was led forth trembling from head to foot, and her head and face covered with a thick veil. The ceremony was hastily gone through, and Dogherty, as he thought, married to Mary Magrath; but when all was over, when the priest had given them his blessing, and when he, with a lover's partly affected fondness, raised the veil and was about to seal the binding contract on her lips, he saw the pale dewey brow of the almost exhausted Susan Doyle, and met the full gaze of her cold, dull eyes. A scowl of withering hatred gathered rapidly on his brow; and he spurned her from him, and rushed like a demon from the house, without speaking or uttering a word. She fell into Magrath's arms like one suddenly lightening-struck; and muttering "Oh, my father!" sank into a state of insensibility. The moment that Paul bounded away, Peter rushed from the inner room, holding his cudgel with a fighting grip, and whooping, and hurrooing in the eagerness with which he was about to pursue. The aged priest, however, stopped him midway in his career, exclaiming, "leave him to his God and his guilty conscience," and his cudgel instantly drooped, though his eyes still flashed and blazed for some time after.

It was almost dark, and the snow fell in large flakes, whitening the entire face of the country, as Susan again sought her humble dwelling. She was alone and unattended; for although Peter had offered her his escort, she firmly declined it, as she wished to have no one present at her interview with her father. Her footsteps faltered and her frame quivered like a reed with uncontrollable emotion as she laid her hand on the latch; and then hesitating for a moment, to gain firmness, she at length entered: there was no sound within, the fire had died away, and all was dark and obscure. "Father, are you here?" enquiringly escaped her lips; but there was no answer—not even an echo. "Father!" she again called

in a louder tone, as her heart began to sink with terrible anticipations, but no voice replied, "my child;" all was silent as the grave. "Merciful heaven! what can have become of him," she falteringly exclaimed, as she endeavoured to pierce the gloom within, and approached the oak arm chair where the old man used to sit. She laid her hand on something very, very cold, and hastily stooping down, beheld by the imperfect rays of light that streamed in through the little window, that it was her father's chill and furrowed brow! There he lay, that aged man, with not a feature distorted—not a single trace of suffering, but lifeless and frigid as the hard, cold earth on which she trod! An infant-like murmur escaped her lips—an idiotic smile flitted over her features—her heart bounded violently against her breast, and the struggle had almost past. She sank down quietly at her father's feet, and one more terrible convulsion shook her frame—but it was the last; then faintly sighing forth "my child!" her almost lifeless arms were folded as if in pressing it to her bosom, and her head drooped on them, never more to throb on earth.

Susan and her father were laid in the one grave, mourned over universally by all who knew them. Magrath and his wife lived on to a comfortable old age, he as much afraid of ghosts, and she as good a wife as ever; while Mary, after a little time, learned to forget the villain who had attempted to delude her; and as the wounds of love, when the object be unworthy, are soon healed, she after a little learned to look with favour on Paudheen Flynn, who thanked her "for the magnanimousness of her condiscussion," as he led her to the village altar, and made her a happy, contented wife.

A child about a month old was discovered in the pool we have mentioned, when the ice had thawed; and though Dogherty had absconded since the last time he appeared before our readers, he was soon taken; and having been tried and convicted, was executed, unpitied and unregretted—not confessing the murder till the very last.



ABBAY AND ROUND TOWER OF CASTLEDERMOT.

The ruins of the Franciscan Friary of Castledermot are extensive and interesting. Its pointed arches are beautifully turned, and the noble and picturesque window, of which we give a correct representation in the engraving, arrests the attention even of the passing traveller as he journeys forward. The aspect of the round tower, more than two-thirds of which is covered with ivy, is also picturesque in a high degree.

The town of Castledermot lays claim to much higher antiquity than the city of Dublin, having been the residence of the ancient kings of Leinster, bearing the names of Dermot.

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